



COLONIA LEADING THE FLEET HOME AT THE REGATTA OF THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

VIGILANT BEATS THE NAVAHOE.

Glorious Regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club on Long Island Sound.

Fine Wind for the Boats and Many of Them Cross the Line, but the Lake Yacht Vencedor Is an Absentee.

Colonia Wins the Colt Cup and Syce Defeats Her Rivals By Half an Hour—Schooners Lead the Big Single-Stickers for the First Time.

By Duncan Curry.

In a glorious southeasterly breeze and under a cloudless sky the Larchmont Yacht Club sailed their eighteenth annual regatta on the Sound yesterday. There was a large number of starters and some fine racing in the various classes, while a tremendous fleet of steam and sailing craft accompanied the yachts over the course.

They included, in addition to the club steamer Francis, which was loaded to the gunwales with some of Larchmont's prettiest girls, the steam yachts Gerolda, Narada, Sultana, Marietta, Now Then, Viking, Onondaga, Pioneer, Golden Rod, Viola, Onondaga, Maspeth, Wabano, Lavanter, Juno, Emerald, Hildegarde, Oriana, Seconda, Transquillo, Dusquene, Adelaide, Jessie and Viola; the schooners Carlotto and Intrepid, and the sloops Lena, Hildegarde and Whiteaway, the yawl Huron and the lake-built yacht Vencedor, owned by ex-Commodore Harry M. Gillis.

The Vencedor was to have made her debut in tideswaters yesterday against the Syce, but her canvas was in such poor shape that her owner has decided not to race her until she has been re-rigged and given a larger sail plan.

The Vencedor's absence was not noted, however, as Royal Phelps Carroll's Navaho, which raced with small success abroad in 1893, made her first appearance against the cup defender Vigilant. The Navaho did take part in a few informal races in 1894, against some of the smaller Sea-nahaka yachts, but yesterday's race at the Vigilant finally marked her American waters. While the Vigilant looked upon as a sure winner before the start, the Navaho showed plenty of fight and made a very good race of it, winning by the narrow margin of about two seconds, after an exciting race.

As both boats measure almost exactly the same they sailed without time and the Navaho won. As a matter of fact the Navaho was handicapped 1 minute nine seconds at the start, so the finish was even closer than it would appear from the table.

The Emerald and Colonia, with the Amorita cor a companion, sailed another remarkably pretty race, and for the second time this season the Colonia won a handicap race by 2 minutes 32 seconds. The Colonia led from the start, and was never overtaken, while the Amorita was handicapped 15 minutes 3 seconds. The Colonia won the Colt Cup for schooners.

Syce Half an Hour Ahead.
The Sachem, Vice Commodore F. L. Adams's fine schooner, won a walk-over prize in the schooner class, while among the single stickers the Syce beat the Alva and Slatia about half an hour. The Syce beat the Alva and Slatia about half an hour. The Syce beat the Alva and Slatia about half an hour. The Syce beat the Alva and Slatia about half an hour.

The Skimmag, one of the latest productions of Tom Clapham's brain, walked over in the regular 30-foot class, while among the 25-footers the Hourly, owned by E. Burton Hart, Jr., won a handsome victory. The 20-foot class, on account of the trial races next week, attracted great attention, and furnished some splendid sport. After a great race Irving Cox's Skaneateles won by 3 minutes 41 seconds, from H. M. Crane's Momo. The Momo, however, was handicapped just 5 minutes at the start, the result might have been different.

CHINESE BOMB KILLS H. B. STONE.

Telephone and Railroad Magazine a Fourth of July Victim.

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

Part of the Display Failed to Explode, and He Picked It Up Too Soon.

THEN IT BURST IN HIS FACE.

His Skull Was Fractured, and the Injured Man Expired on the Lawn Before the Eyes of His Family.

New Bedford, Mass., July 5.—While aiding to amuse the children of his own and other families, at Nonquitt, at 11:30 to-day, Henry Stone, a man of prominence in Chicago, Ill., was instantly killed. He was surrounded by a throng of horrified men, women and children at the time. He had procured a large quantity of "daylight fireworks," or Chinese bombs, loaded with tissue paper. This paper is projected into the air, where it inflates and floats away in the form of animals and birds. All the neighboring children had been invited to witness the show at the Stone Summer cottage, and Mr. Stone took charge of the fireworks. The bombs exploded with tremendous noise and force, causing the crowd to fall back each time one was set off.

Finally Mr. Stone selected an unusually large bomb and ignited the fuse. As usual, the crowd turned and ran back, but there was no report. Thinking the spark had gone out, Mr. Stone sprang forward and picked up the bomb, at the same time blowing on the end of the blackened fuse. Success attended his efforts too quickly, for the bomb exploded within a few inches of his face. His face was completely powder blackened, and blood gushed out in streams from his mouth, nose and ears. Death came instantly, for his skull had been badly fractured by the terrific explosion.

Though born in New Bedford, Mr. Stone received a thorough Eastern business education, which he turned to successful account in the West. His rise was rapid, for he became second vice-president and manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and at the time of his death was president of the Chicago Telephone Company. His college days were spent at Harvard and in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His start in life was made in the South Boston Foundry, where he designed big guns made for the Government. Later he went West, and entering the shops of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, passed the many grades of the mechanical department until he was made master mechanic of one of the divisions. Then his rise was rapid, serving as superintendent of the various departments and ultimately becoming manager and then second vice-president, having charge of the operating department of the entire road. Finally, just as he was to be elected president, he resigned to become president of the telephone company.

Mr. Stone and his wife and four children reached Nonquitt Saturday to occupy their beautiful Summer cottage, which is near that of Mrs. Phil Sheridan. It was the intention of the Stones to spend the latter part of the Summer in Europe.

FIREMAN'S FATAL SLIP.

John Jensen, of a Staten Island Company, Jumps to a Truck and Falls.

John Jensen, foreman of Robinson Hose Company No. 9, of the Edgewater (S. I.) Fire Department, missed his own company when it went to a fire late yesterday afternoon in a grain elevator at Canal street, and attempted to jump upon Hook and Ladder Truck No. 1, at the corner of Wright and Canal streets. He slipped and fell and one of the rear wheels of the truck passed over his chest.

The police ambulance from headquarters, a couple of hundred feet from the scene of the accident, was called and the injured fireman placed in it. On the way to the S. R. Smith Infirmary the man died. Jensen was twenty-nine years old and lived at No. 40 Gordon street, Stapleton.

DUNN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Heat Prostrations Were Reported, but the Weather Wizard Said Yesterday Was a Perfect Day.

Variety is more than sweet
In weather, don't you know.
There's nothing like a surf of heat
And then a fall of snow.
It is a mix to beat the band.
To have the South and North
Together blowing o'er the land
Upon the glorious Fourth.
The fireplugs of Detroit town
Went melting like its land;
The sidewalks rippled up and down,
The hard crab wasn't hard;
The bulldog swam the concrete pave,
And while he fumed and tolled
The goldfish 'neath the fountain ware
Were quickly stewed and boiled.
But out in Colorado, where
The mountains hit the sky,
The snow man smiled a smile most rare
To see the snowballs fly.
The bobbed whiskered 'e'en as a lance,
The sleighbells loudly rang;
The snow bird did his song and dance
To hear the cannon bang.
And so the Fourth, the Nation's pride,
With glorios manifold
Was celebrated in the wide
Extremes of heat and cold.
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

You may have thought you were warm yesterday, but when you read Forecaster Dunn's report you will know you weren't. "The weather is all right," he said at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, smiling benevolently; "it is one of the most delightful July days we have ever had. Last year it was almost as fine, only it rained toward evening. This year it isn't going to do that—there will be nothing to mar this perfect day. The year before last it was cold, up to 70 degrees; and in 1870 it was 92 degrees. Then you were hot; but to-day you are normal—everything is normal, moisture, temperature. It is practically as near the right kind of a day as we can get."

Mr. Dunn breathed a deep sigh of content. In spite of Mr. Dunn's perfect day, the following heat prostrations were reported: Four persons were prostrated at No. 128 Delancey street, was prostrated while riding in a Third Avenue "L" train at about 10 o'clock, the morning of the day. Seymour A. Crane, eighteen years of age, who resides at No. 7 South Second street, Newark, N. J., was overcome at the corner of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road street and Third Avenue in the afternoon. The temperature reached 82 degrees.

KILLED BY THE HEAT.

The Hot Wave Still Holds in the West and Has Extended to the Atlantic Seaboard.

The hot wave which extended over most of the upper Mississippi Valley yesterday still holds, and it has extended to many places in the East. Fatal prostrations and extremely high temperatures are reported from many points.

Boston, July 5.—This was the hottest day of the season in Boston, the thermometer at the North End having shown a record of 91 degrees at 1:30 o'clock. The instruments on the street level were from 1 to 3 degrees higher. Four persons were reported as having succumbed to the heat. Two of them were policemen.

Toronto, Ont., July 5.—The heat here is as upland as the torrid mark, and from all parts of the city reports of prostrations are coming. Though up to the present time no deaths have occurred, the mercury is hovering between 95 and 100 in the shade, with an oppressive humidity. Reports from Hamilton give the temperature there at 95 in the shade.

Wheeling, W. Va., July 5.—Three persons were killed by the heat here to-day. The thermometer registered 108 degrees at one time during the day.

Cincinnati, July 5.—The heat continues to-day. Twenty-two cases of prostration have been reported in the city and eight deaths. This makes fourteen deaths within the last twenty-four hours. The streets are almost deserted, only the men of the fire department and the police department of the entire road. Finally, just as he was to be elected president, he resigned to become president of the telephone company.

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SAW THEIR SHIP BLOWN UP AT SEA.

Belle of Bath, Loaded with Petroleum, Abandoned While Afire.

HER CREW ALL SAVED.

They Had Worked at the Pumps Eleven Days on a Mysterious Leak.

THEN THE FLAMES STARTED.

None of the Seventeen Men Landed Yesterday Is Able to Explain the Leak or the Blaze.

After passing through an experience that few would care to duplicate, seventeen of the crew of the lost American ship Belle of Bath, which was burned at sea on June 18, landed here yesterday from the steamship Sardinian Prince, as "Consul's men" from Barbados. The ship's company numbered twenty, all told, and all were saved. The captain and two others remained at Barbados.

The destruction of this ship is, and may continue to be, a mystery of the ocean. She was leaking slightly when she left New York for Hong Kong on June 2, but on the fifth day out all hands had to work on the pumps to keep her from sinking. For eleven days and nights the pumps were kept going. She was 150 miles east of Barbados on June 18, had all sail set, with a fair wind, and had every chance of floating until she reached that port, when fire was discovered.

What caused the mysterious and ever-increasing leak in the Belle of Bath and what brought about the fire at that particular time are questions that every one of the men landing yesterday declares himself unable to answer.

Certain it is that the Belle of Bath had no heavy weather to strain her planking.

CREW FIND NO FAULT.

The seventeen men, who included Chief Mate William Cox and Second Mate George Harris, freely admitted this. They knew of no reason why the ship should leak, but offered no theories. They scouted the story published in a Barbados paper, which quoted Captain Curtis, the master, as giving the opinion that one of the crew had started the fire to escape work at the pumps. All hands declared the captain had used them fairly, and he had never even hinted at the cause of the fire. The men refused to believe he had uttered such an opinion. When she left New York she had 50,000 cases of petroleum in wooden boxes below decks.

Three lifeboats had been supplied with provisions and water, ready to leave the vessel should the need become necessary. The crew didn't explain why this precaution was taken, when the ship had on two occasions been pumped dry and when no storm threatened.

At 1 p. m. of the 18th all hands were called to the pumps. Two hours later Second Mate Peter Cain and Dan Gyser, on the way to their quarters in the forward end of the deckhouse, smelled a smoke.

Watching Her Burn.
Cain said he looked under the topgallant forecast and saw the smoke coming through a ventilator leading "seven decks" in the bow. Cain summoned the mate and captain. The smoke was then belching from the ventilator, and Captain Curtis ordered the boats lowered. This was done, the skipper taking time to grab up his instruments. The captain was last to leave the ship.

Sailors were hoisted and the boats made to leeward half a mile, and then the men watched the ship. She was still going before the wind, her canvas billowing to the breeze, but tongues of flame flickered under the topgallant forecast and steadily climbed the slender foremast. The deckhouse was ignited next, and then superstructure and flame appeared coming through the main hatch. The flames curled and twisted up the rigging, while over the deck hung a pall of black smoke.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash, and with a roar as of parks of artillery, the deck blew up and the masts tottered and fell overboard.

The three boats sighted Barbados twenty-four hours later, and on the morning of June 20, forty hours after they abandoned the vessel, a landing was made at Bridgetown, the principal port. American Consul Felt secured passage for the crew on the Sardinian Prince, but the captain remained at Barbados.

The Belle of Bath was built at Bath, Me., in 1877. She registered 1,347 tons.

FITZ-JOHN L. BOUT NOT ALLOWED.

Clubs Trumps at Ambrose Park and Trumps Took the Tricks.

HORTON LAW IS UPHELD.

Both Champions in the Ring; John L. Makes a Characteristic Speech.

CHEERED BY THE AUDIENCE.

Fitz Says John Might Get Into Condition for a Finish Fight, but in Not Less Than Fifteen Months.

The police refused to let John L. Sullivan and Fitzsimmons spar in Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. Police Inspector McLaughlin told them abruptly that if they so much as put up their hands he would arrest them. In vain all pleading of "friendly set to," "John L. needs the money," etc. Fitz begged for John.

"Do you want to be arrested?" inquired the Inspector, severely.

"No, I don't," answered Fitz, with conviction.

"Well," said McLaughlin, "You put on those gloves and into a cell you go." John went up to his dressing room to smoke a cigar and think it over. Fitz sought the bar and drank a glass of sarsaparilla.

John L. smoked and reflected that among the 2,000 persons in Ambrose Park there was present scarcely a sport of prominence. Where were all his old "friends?" "Boys, there's nothin' left for me but the preachin' business," he finally grunted.

Fitz broke in on these and reflections in his fighting thoughts. He shook John L. warmly by the hand.

"Get on your toes, John," said he, "and let's go into the ring."

When Sullivan appeared in the park a mighty shout went up. With fat off he would have looked the champion of old.

Jack McAuliffe and Jack Dougherty were behind Sullivan, while Martin Julian acted for the smiling Fitz. Then Police Captain Kenny and Sergeant Henley bade the principals desist. There was no resisting their fiat. The audience—the bulk of it was in the fifty-cent seats, howled "Fake!"

Sullivan stilled the tumult with a gesture. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it's no fault of mine or Mr. Fitzsimmons that the authorities prevented our bout to-day. I don't want to violate any law, and I don't think he does. Consequently, we can't spar. I remain, yours truly, John L. Sullivan."

The speech was received with a roar, and John L. walked from the arena. He left almost as much the hero as if he had left Fitzsimmons prone.

To atone for the disappointment of the public, Fitzsimmons wrestled a bout with Ernest Roeder, in which he displayed great agility, but failed to score.

"We haven't by any means given up this bout, and we'll put it off within three weeks at least," said Frank Dunn, Sullivan's manager. "I'm in earnest when I say that I believe Sullivan is good for a finish fight, and my money's ready to post at any time."

"The funny part of the business is," said Martin Julian, "that I had a promise that the police wouldn't interfere. I don't think we shall try again unless we can be certain that we shall not be interfered with."

"Do you think John can get into condition again?" Fitz was asked.

"Frankly, I think he can," was the reply. "But it will take him at least fifteen months. In the first place he will need six months to get rid of his fat, and that process will serve him weak. Then he must build up for six months. After that he will be ready to stand three months of hard training."

Inspector McLaughlin said he interfered because a sparring match would have been a gross violation of the Horton law.

Cornell Crews in Fireworks.
ITHACA, N. Y., July 5.—Even after the great reception to the Cornell crews on Saturday night, Ithaca had plenty of enthusiasm for a rousing Fourth of July celebration. Special trains brought thousands of people from Cortland, Geneva, Auburn, Elmira, Trumansburg and other points. The celebration was a display of fireworks at Cornell's athletic field, including set pieces representing Couch Courtney and the Cornell crew.